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MEMORIAL DAY.

To-day, while earth is filled with bloom and sweetness,
A wealth of flowers on lowly mounds is spread;
To-day, amid the spring-time's full completeness,
A nation mourns a nation's honored dead.

To-day our hearts recall, with musing sadness,
Those years of darkness filled with blood and flame,
That taught us all the curse of war's wild madness,—
But when the night was past, the morning came,

Alike to rich and poor, to high and lowly,
The dawn of peace brought sunshine like a flood;
And still God's blessing crowns the land made holy
By each departed hero's precious blood.

O "boys in blue," the brave, the unreturning,
We crown you martyrs, and we call you ours,
The while with reverence and with grateful yearning
We give you tribute of our tears and flowers.

DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

April 1-3. Arrived in Washington and secured a comfortable room by the courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. La Fetra and their guests at the new and now crowded hotel "Fredonia." It is not so large, or elegant or expensive as many; but is neat, comfortable and "temperance." Special reductions were made to delegates to the National Reform Conference, which I attended afternoon and evening. At this meeting in Lincoln Hall, the numbers were not so noteworthy as the character of the audience and the specially high Christian tone and marked ability of those who participated. The National Reform Movement has reached all denominations of Christians in all parts of the country, but it originated with and is vigorously conducted by persons connected with the Reformed Presbyterian Church, which for numbers and strength centres about Pittsburg, Penn., and is composed chiefly of the descendants of the Scotch Covenanters.

The great object of the Association is to make the United States Government more Christian in word and deed. To this end, it advocates the formal recognition of God in the Constitution and the recognition of Christ in official appointment of National Fast Days. But its scope is broader than any specific legislation. It would have citizens acknowledge the divine origin of human government and use every effort to make the latter conform to its divine original. Hence it would legislate in favor of the Sabbath, against the liquor traffic, in favor of teaching Christian ethics in public schools by means of the Bible. It would solve the race problem by the Golden Rule and subject the war-system to Christian administration. It emphasizes the sanctity of the oath and resists the secular theory of government at every point. It preaches religion to citizens and politicians and insists on no double conscience dodge, by which a politician sometimes seeks to shield himself as a politician.

I was impressed with the ability and earnestness of the leaders, Dr. Stevenson of Philadelphia and Dr. McAllister of Pittsburg, and the high character of the work carried on by their district secretaries, and by thoroughness of the discussions led by such men as Jonathan Edwards of Meadville, Penn., President Covell of Worcester, Ohio, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop of Lansing, Mich., and Dr.

Fitzgerald of Nashville, Tenn. Dr. H. T. Cheever made a clear presentation of the prohibition movement and recalled the days of Dea. Giles' Distillery when his brother, Dr. Geo. B. Cheever, still living near New York, was boldly striking for those reforms which have made such progress since. He was comparatively alone in their advocacy. I made a brief address on the relation of the war-system to Christianity, Thursday forenoon.

April 4. To-day was spent largely at the Capitol in conference with persons interested or supposed to be influential in the measures now agitated in Washington for the substitution of Arbitration for war. The Pan-American Conference does not invite visitors but I was able to learn all I desired of its *personnel*, its purposes and probable outcome.

The Sherman resolution passed the House of Representatives to-day and was returned to the Senate where it originated. Of this I was assured by the engrossing clerk, though by some mistake the action of the House did not appear upon the published *Congressional Record*. This resolution and its passage were recorded in the *Washington Post*. But so little attention do peace as compared with war measures excite, that I doubt if this good news was telegraphed to the press of the country, which to-morrow will be filled with a thousand trivial matters about persons and offices which some one "aids" the reporters to publish. I was glad to meet Dr. McMurdy, Secretary of the Arbitration League and learn of his restored health, also Mr. S. Baldwin and Dr. H. N. Howard of the Post Office Department who have been members of the same. I learned of the good impression made by the public meeting presided over by Judge Harlan and addressed by Rev. Dr. Hamlin of the Church of the Covenant and Rev. Dr. G. D. Boardman of Philadelphia. My college classmate, James D. Strout, librarian, kindly aided me in searches for peace literature in the Capitol Library.

April 5. To-day was spent much like yesterday. I was again an interested spectator from what might almost be called in old time parlance the "colored galleries" of the two Houses of Congress, the negroes predominating among the lookers on. It is interesting to "look down" upon honorable Senators and Representatives, listen to the discussions and identify the persons with their "report" as the latter had reached me. Senator Blair looks tired and sad after the defeat of his "Bill," which for years he has urged upon Congress, chiefly in the interest of an intelligent ballot by the illiterates, especially in the Southern States. One Senator declared that the bill and its defeat was owing to the opposition of Jesuits to free public schools, through which it proposed to expend some \$79,000,000 in the course of several years. Another reason given was Senator Hawley's speech in favor of economy, lest the abatement of the tariff, the building of a navy should not only wipe out the "surplus" but also create a deficiency and make the Republican party responsible for a financial disaster. Others charged that Senator Hale of Maine had such a desire to obtain money for naval expenditure under his pet bill that he therefore opposed appropriations for schools. Some men at the South professed to be too proud to receive national aid for their State schools, especially as the poor and illiterate freedmen were "their own" to care for. Others doubted the character of the school officers on whom the responsibility of disbursement in such a State as Tennessee would

fall, and foretold waste and favoritism. Probably all these and still other reasons served to defeat the bill. Those who feel most hurt are the Christian people of the North, largely Republicans, who have for twenty-five years contributed for schools and teachers at the South. They believe that intelligence would purify and embolden suffrage and secure the safety and effectiveness of the ballot. Hence many of them are indignant, especially with those Northern Senators who having complained most bitterly of the evil alluded to, led in killing the only measure which was aimed at its removal. Such action will require very clear and satisfactory explanation to the many voters of the class above described.

Do you believe in public expenditure for schools, or for military and naval establishments, which? is a question sure to be asked of Congressmen by those who think that education is more important, to say the least, than armaments. This whole matter is in the direct line of the Reform discussions which I heard in Washington, and also the relation of religion and morality to a democratic Government, such as the early ministers of New England maintained and which is to be reopened for general pulpit discussion in the jubilee years 1892-3.

Sunday, April 6. Easter Sunday was almost a perfect day. Many like myself were up early scenting the sweet blossoms, listening to the fresh songs of the birds and attending divine service. At 10.30 I joined in the worship of the Congregational Church. The pastor, Rev. T. M. Newman, after abundant music by the blind organist and large choir, stood out on the "liliated" platform and preached a simple, direct and uplifting sermon on certain aspects of the Resurrection. After dining with friends, whose hospitality never loses the flavor of old and sweet associations, I attended divine service at the Chapel of Howard University, and in the absence of President J. E. Rankin, heard a good sermon from Rev. S. N. Brown of the Plymouth Church. I was privileged here on this grand site to look at the foundations of the new President's house and the place where the stone chapel is to be erected and other improvements made by the energy and devotion of the new President, whom I was sorry not to personally greet. I congratulate him and the institution which crowns the national Capital and is also a crown on the heads of the poor and needy race whose millions require the University as they do the local free schools, if they are to be worthy citizens of a free Christian Republic.

A quiet evening at the new and beautiful white pillared "Church of the Covenant," with a strong sermon by the pastor Dr. Hamlin, and sweet music led by the organ, a duet of voices, and a full tide of congregational song. It is not difficult to criticise music, flowers, dresses, bonnets and even thoughtless and frivolous faces and manners on Easter Sunday. But I would rather think of even the many outward adornments of God's house and of his worshippers as I do of the marvels of the field, the forest and garden. They are so many expressions of the divine beauty—just a little marred to be sure by vicious taste or sinful feeling.

This evening the entrance of God's word has given far more light than the electric burners. The songs are more to me than the singers. The color of the flowers and the costumes, the character depicted on the faces,—there is in them all more of beauty than of its opposite, more of heavenliness than earthliness, more of God than man. *O, come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.*

April 7. This last day was a busy one with "inter-views" that I need not recount; another long visit to the Capitol; a drive by the kindness of a friend out through the newer city that lies around the older Washington. Thousands of children are rolling Easter eggs near the White House grounds and the President orders music for their delight and rests his weary eyes upon their gambols. Washington is the centre of a vast and enlarging political system. The new States fly like doves to the windows. Professional politicians here find their avocation and make their home so far as they have any. But deeper than the whirl of politics, deeper than the currents of business legislation which grow more perplexing with every year—it is pleasant to think of some personal lives, out of which no public pressure can have pushed those principles of morality, integrity and piety, which we associate with quite another kind of living. From the White House to the most obscure clerk there are true, conscientious men who esteem public duty a personal obligation. God help them. The President and Post Master General are Presbyterian church members. Chief Justice Fuller stands high in the Episcopal church. The Secretaries of State and of the Navy in their personal afflictions as well as in their public duties must have need of Christian strength. We were sad to hear of the example of one Cabinet minister who disregarded the convictions of millions of his countrymen, if not his own, as to the sanctity of the Lord's Day—a sanctity recognized in most of the States by statute law. But on the whole we feel confident that our Government cannot be justly characterized as non-Christian and it rejoices us to learn that the majority of those who administer it are open and avowed believers in Christian morals.

April 8. A pleasant trip of less than six hours to East Orange, N. J., via Newark. In the evening I led the prayer-meeting of the First Congregational Church. It was addressed by Rev. G. H. Everest, D.D., and others on "How to build a Church." A beautiful edifice had just been dedicated and the question discussed was the building of a house not made with hands, a spiritual house, whose chief builder is God.

April 9. At Governor's Island, a military station in New York Harbor, where I was called to baptize a sweet babe whose mother was from Göttingen, Germany. It was a delightful "christening" in various respects, not the least of which was the association in thought and prayer of the loving grandparents separated by the broad Atlantic. In the evening I attended a military reception and banquet given by the veterans of the Twenty-third Regiment and the Loyal Legion of Brooklyn to Generals Sherman, Slocum, Howard and Swayne, together with Admirals Walke and Braine of the United States Navy—all of whom with Mayor Chapin of Brooklyn and others sat at the table near me. The chief addresses commemorated the anniversary of Appomattox and were made by the four gentlemen first named. I was impressed with General Swayne's eloquent characterization of the emotions that were called out by the lightning, which that day flashed the word "*Peace*" round the world! O, that it might last forever! I was impressed with a remark of General Sherman to Admiral Walke, who is ninety-two years of age, and who said impressively, as he held the General's hands: "I am so very glad to meet you, General! We will never meet again." "Perhaps not in this world," replied General Sherman, "but I hope we will meet in a better one."

April 17. To-day I was permitted to make the poet Whittier a little visit, partly official, for he is an interested and official member of the American Peace Society. After receiving his name cheerfully appended to several of our certificates of membership, we had a few minutes to speak of the cause of Peace. He was deeply interested in the events transpiring at Berlin, but the Labor Congress had adjourned and apparently accomplished little. Yet it was the occasion of bringing French and Germans together in friendly consultation. It was something that the French delegate, Jules Simon, formerly minister of Education, and in 1889 the President of the Parliamentary Peace Congress in Paris, dined with the Emperor, and that friendly words as to the neutralization of Alsace and Lorraine passed between them. It was something that the Pope should write the Emperor in favor of disarmament. Much is dependent upon the sincerity and stability of the young Emperor, who has certainly shown remarkable courtesy and tact in his treatment of the workingmen.

We spoke of Africa. Whittier's abhorrence of the rum traffic was expressed in forcible language. He even said (ironically of course) that it might be as well to let the Mohammedans, Arabs and Slave-stealers as they are, have their way on the Congo, if they will live up to their creed as to the spirituous liquors, which Christians carry with their missionaries to the dark continent. I told him what Dr. Fitzgerald of Nashville, Tenn., said in Washington, namely; that more than half of the war of races at the South was caused by rum. A drunken negro and a drunken white man will fight and others of the same color will take sides. The Arabs carry slavery and the sword in one hand and abstinence from spirits in the other. The Americans, English and Belgians vie with each other in selling rum to the natives on the one hand, and on the other carry commerce, civilization and religion.

Mr. Whittier had written Mr. Blaine and Mr. Coolidge of the Pan-American Conference, his earnest conviction that that body should so act as to secure peace to this continent. He thought they were disposed to do all possible in this line. (See Mr. Blaine's farewell address (page 71) and our Washington reports.)

His six or seven weeks parleying with *La Grippe* had not caused him to love it. He is now much better than at one time and hopes to soon take the brief trip by railroad from his Amesbury to his Oak Knoll (Danvers) home. But he must go on one of his "good days" at the middle of the day that is pleasant and therefore he waits, which at eighty-three he seems willing to do.

At Amesbury the pictures of his mother and sisters are on the walls of the little parlor and his old books fill the shelves of his cosy "library" warmed by an open wood-fire. He has been "down street" but once this winter, and spent some six weeks of his illness at the house of a relative in Newburyport.

As his cousin, Joseph Cartland, and myself rode the five miles to the latter city along the Merrimac he called my attention to the pleasant

"Hawksworth Oaks, the storm-torn plumes,
Of old pine-forest kings
Beneath whose century woven shade
Deer Island's mistress sings."

The "mistress," Harriet Prescott Spofford, was just alighting from her carriage and fondly greeting her faithful dog who awaited her return from the daily visit to her husband's newly made grave. One could feel the soothing

ingness of that dumb friend's caress to a heart bereaved and lonely. We hear the poet sing on so sweetly:

"For as these pleasant woodland ways
Are thronged with memories old
Have felt the grasp of friendly hands
And heard love's story told,

"A sacred presence overbroods
The earth whereon we meet;
These winding forest paths are trod
By more than mortal feet.

"Thanks to the gracious Providence
That brings us here once more;
For memories of the good behind
And hopes of good before!"

Yonder in one corner of the larger cemetery is the simple, unadorned Friends' burying ground, in which lie the poet's dead—all of his dear household so sweetly sung in "Snow-Bound." The hill rises gently to the evergreens that crown its summit and sway to and fro in the April wind.

"Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses."

Whittier recalls so much and is so much to me that my pen does not know where to stop when writing of him. Modest, simple, sincere, cheerful; severe only as against wrong. It saddens me to think that these little glimpses of him must be so few and yet I feel thankful that they have been so many and so strengthening for this work and warfare of peace.

April 18. To-day a similar errand took me first to Robert Treat Paine, the overworked philanthropist, whose entire thought and life are just now devoted to the relief of the poor from the degradation consequent upon the tenement-house system. A brisk walk and I was at the Boston home of Robert C. Winthrop, our first Vice-President, who is just about removing to his Brookline house. While waiting in his reception room I was interested to notice the paintings and portraits purchased by or bestowed upon the statesman by his personal friends, many of them invaluable mementos of prolonged friendships and family ties, which at his age (eighty-one) grow fewer and more precious. Mr. Winthrop bears his four-score years lightly and has not lost all the ruddiness of his handsome youth, which is preserved in the beautiful engraving which adorns his collected speeches and hangs on the wall of this room.

"He was the best equipped of all the aspiring young statesmen of his time," was the remark of a wise and just-minded contemporary to me. His political studies were thorough and comprehensive. He mastered the principles of government and had the rare art of eloquent and persuasive speech. His erect form and manly tones, his courtesy and dignity, his learning and equipoise, his family and wealth made him the ideal Whig of my boyhood. When he became speaker of the National House the way seemed open to the very highest and most prolonged official honors. But changes in political issues, the rise of the radical anti-slavery party, the coming to the front of unknown and unheralded men with the force of personal conviction and the impulse of national reform, left Mr. Winthrop in the noble but unofficial society of Choate, Everett and Webster. Winthrop's love of sound learning, his scholarly and polished style, his high moral and religious principles, accompanied by a certain sensitive reserve when our politics became more and more

intense, not to say depraved, kept him from partisanship. He remained true to the Union and was one of its great conservators. He had no love for slavery to be wounded at its abolition. The fervid glow of his patriotism kindled on the altar of the fathers of our country has never known abatement.

He is apt to profess dissent from the principles of the more radical peace men. He shrinks from absolute disarmament as something dangerous. He admires the discipline which keeps the millions of the armies of Europe from the mobs of hungry "strikers." He wants a navy that will impress all nations that border on our seas with the power and greatness of the country on whose long shores their waters dash and foam. But he is a just and good man, abhorring the cruelty and injustice of war and willing to aid every wise effort to avert and curtail its horrors. He would substitute arbitral treaties and international courts for the brute force of battlefields. But he is essentially "a gentleman of the o'd school," the type of all that is best in his generation, which every thoughtful person must concede was in some points superior to our own, but which shrank from the settlement of those great social questions, some of which are still upon us, and which we so poorly comprehend and can only experimentally solve. His orations follow in the line of our great statesmen, and his Christian faith finds frequent expression in addresses of a biographical and historical kind, which refresh us mortals weary with the strife with mere naturalism, secularism, agnosticism and incredulity.

Out of faith in Jesus Christ must come the abolition of war. How? We do not know. When? We cannot tell. But thank God for an inheritance of poets like Whittier and statesmen like Winthrop, who by the purity of their lives and the elevation of their teachings make us ashamed of whatever in our own time is mean, grovelling, selfish and contemptible, and draw us towards the divine source of all reason and love. We are impressed afresh in their presence with the truth of the divine precept: *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*

April 27. A cold, rainy Sunday; but the grass looks green and the maples red along the five-mile road by which I drove to Woburn, Mass., to supply the pulpit of Rev. Daniel March, D.D., who is confined to his house as the result of accident. Owing to the storm, the spacious church was only partially filled to-day; but the two large choirs—one of adults behind the desk, the other of fifty children in the broad gallery at the opposite end of the room—sung responsively and inspiringly the praise of God. In this way the interest of both parents and children is enlisted in the service. The preacher is expected to address a few words directly to the latter as I tried to do. The Bible class consisted of thirty-five. Our lesson was the parable of the sower. The evening meeting was held in the large lecture room. The rain fell copiously and not more than one hundred and fifty listened to the address on "Providential Preparations for Universal Peace." Arrangements were partially made for another meeting May 25, the Sunday preceding the Decoration holiday.

An aged gentleman, by the name of Bates, expressed his interest in the subject of peace, which was first aroused by the addresses of William Ladd, when he was a resident of the State of Maine. There was a quick response to the announcement of peace literature for free distribution. No collection was taken, but one of the officers of the church kindly remarked that the cause of

Peace would be remembered in future contributions. Why should it not have a place among the dear children of Christ, which are called "charities" and supported by Christians of every name?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM SAVOY.

How Savoy became a Part of France.—The French Army and Sedan.—Noontide on the Lake.—The Eastern Alps.—What one sees in Street and Market in August.—The Bells of Annecy.—An Evening Row.—Italy, Switzerland and Savoy.—How they Impress the Traveller.—A Restful Day in a Quiet Land.

After his Italian campaign against Austria in 1858, Napoleon III. "accepted" Savoy as part of France's wages for that six weeks of successful war. It is an ancient Dukedom lying among the Alps, bounded by France, Italy, Switzerland and the Mediterranean. We entered it *via* the Mt. Cenis tunnel, at this end of which (Modena) the Custom House officials make us aware that we are in the Republic of France. We ran swiftly down the mountains by the side of the Arc, a turbid, hurrying stream, now separating us from the old Mt. Cenis road, now plunging over a precipice or beneath a bridge, and finally flowing along, with scores of irrigating canals, through one of the richest valleys in the world. The wealth of the Dukes of Savoy was not in their mountain fastnesses, but in such fertile valleys as this, where the heavy second crop of hay is being gathered to-day (Aug. 14). Peaches, plums and grapes abound.

Leaving the direct railway from Turin to Paris at Aix le Bains, a famous and crowded watering place where the people of Lyons, to the number of 7000, resort each summer to enjoy the warm sulphur springs, we came to Annecy for a little rest. It is twenty-eight miles off the great lines of travel, an ancient town overlooked by a noble chateau now used for soldiers' barracks. Annecy contains 11,000 people, chiefly Savoyards. A beautiful lake of the same name stretches away among the mountains for nine miles. The town is at its outlet which, by its sudden fall, furnishes excellent water power for the manufactories.

Come with me for a morning walk. The young women as they go on errands or to their place of daily work, knit and talk as they walk. The market is on the cobblestone pavements, chiefly under the low and solid arches that seem to have suggested the modern piazzas or "arcades." Whortleberries, field strawberries, from the mountain sides, raspberries from the fields, cherries, plums, and all the products of the field and garden, abound. It is pleasant to chat with the cheerful venders. I buy a leaf basket of berries for ten centimes (two cents) and give some to two hungry and grateful boys who stand watching the regiment of soldiers march up the steep street to the chateau from morning "parade." There are a drum corps of sixteen, and ten trumpeters and a full brass band, which play successively. How proudly the gaily decorated drum-major steps! How straight, neat, soldier-like the officers! Poor France! To me every drum-beat, every bugle-blast, and every epaulet suggests Sedan. How can these Frenchmen forget that humiliation and disgrace? Human nature must itself have changed, or France is to-day a military school training